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To the Memory of John J. Fitzgibbon.*

An honest friend was he, whose friendship knew
No false, sleek mask, no scarlet stain of guile;
The candor of his nature shimmered through
The sweetness of his smile!
Goodness in him a ceaseless vigil kept,
Balmful alike in shadow and in sun;
His word a bond—a promise to be kept,
When all was said and done!

His life was as an open book—each page
Frank in its text—a spotless scroll of truth;
The cause he loved in the twilight of age
He championed in his youth.
His faith was as a time-defying rock,
Wild waves in vain might angrily assail;
For firm he stood through calm and tempest's shock,
Loyal to Innisfail!

Loving the isle, within whose confines he
First saw the light beyond the ocean's foam,
He loved no less this broad land of the free—
The country of his home.
Faithful to both—their flags should drape his bier,
Wrapping his clay in sacred fold on fold—
The Stars and Stripes that guard our New World here,
The Emerald from the Old!

—EUGENE DAVIS, in *Chicago Citizen*.

—
Hamlet the Dane.


HAKSPERE'S great tragedy has a peculiar feature in that it gives rise to a question regarding the hero, which has caused much controversy among critics: "Was Hamlet mad?" In vain do we try to prove either side of the question; one might almost as well attempt to stop the revolving years as to convince sullen, egoistical and hard-headed critics of the sanity or insanity

of Hamlet; for, however strong your proofs however straightforward your theory, however logical your arguments, they will have little or no effect on those whom they are intended to convince.

The critics have formed their opinions, and have impregnably fortified themselves against the attacks of statements and proofs stronger and more reasonable than their own, and to which they feel that, if they acted rightly, they should submit, and ingloriously acknowledge themselves in the wrong—a course which evidently does not please them.

It is not always the case that he who has given an opinion will remain firmly attached to the same; but in the present instance very few, it seems to me, have changed their decisions. It is this quality of the critics in adhering to what they have said that renders further words unnecessary and useless. The critic (or the would-be critic), having stated his view of the question, and proved it to *his own* entire satisfaction, and seeing other and more forcible arguments against him, after all his work is unwilling to admit that he himself now sees how frail and defective in material are his own opinions.

Was Hamlet mad? It is my opinion that the Hamlet of Shakspere is not mad, but that, having an important point to gain, he uses insanity as a veil to screen his plans, and that he may so much the better act as he does without being suspected of having any "method." He successfully deceives them all and gains his end, but dies soon after. There can be no doubt that he is a thorough pessimist, and that he is greatly excited by the startling revelations of the *Ghost*, and still further induced to look only on the gloomy side of life; but because a person is a strongly confirmed pessimist it does not logic-

ally nor necessarily follow that he must be insane and incapable of controlling his mental faculties.

By the other persons in the play, except Claudius, Hamlet is thought to be mad; but none of them except as before, ever for a moment suspected the true cause of Hamlet's apparent madness. When the Ghost first appears to Hamlet and calls him to "a more removed ground," he suspects more than ever that there is something wrong in Denmark; for, when he was told of the first and second appearance of his father's ghost he had said:

"My father's spirit in arms! All is not well;
I doubt some foul play."

The ghost says to him:

"Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."

And Hamlet, completely overcome by the command, exclaims: "Murder!" and then the ghost says:

"But know, thou, noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown."

This speech shows Hamlet that he had been right in his conjectures, and, reminded of his former suspicions, he cries out: "O my prophetic soul!"

Then the Ghost tells the story of his "foul and most unnatural murder" while quietly sleeping in his orchard:

"My custom always of the afternoon;
Upon my secure-hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed Lebanon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leprous distilment;

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd.
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught.

... Hamlet, remember me."

It is now, alone, that Hamlet is utterly broken down, and gives way to his feelings, and he exclaims, as if his heart would break:

"O all you host of Heaven! O earth! What else?"

He feels that he can bear no more such tales of horror and infamy; and, indeed, another severe shock would probably have deprived him of reason. But he seems to recover almost immediately, and instantly grasps the whole situation, and begins to plan the discovery of the murderous king. Against Claudius, he bears the greatest hatred, and loathes the sight of the "smiling, damned villain"; he feels no anger against Gertrude, his mother, but he is deeply hurt that she, whom he had held almost

as perfection itself, should have so soon forgotten his father. From his mother's fault he takes a standard of judgment against women, and sets them all down as false; probably this influences him to give up the idea of marrying Ophelia, although the more important reason is on account of the great duty he has to perform; and until justice has been dealt to his uncle, he has no time for thoughts of love.

But he cannot entirely forget Ophelia, as is most plainly shown in Act II., Scene II., by the latter's speech. She tells of how Hamlet came to her room, "pale as his shirt," and with a piteous look on his face, "as if he had been loosed out of hell." And then Polonius asks:

"Mad for thy love?"

OPHELIA: My lord, I do not know,
But, truly, I do fear it.

POLONIUS: What said he?

OPHELIA: He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long time stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh, so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being; that done, he lets me go;
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me."

Hamlet was, indeed, in an "ecstasy of love"; he still thinks of Ophelia, and visits her room in the manner she describes; so as to give the king, and the others whom Hamlet suspects, more reason for thinking him mad. He does nothing but wander around the court, closely watching the actions of Claudius.

I think it is generally believed that in the soliloquy commencing with "To be or not to be," Hamlet contemplates suicide; and these same critics say he is mad. In this soliloquy, it is true, he speaks of death; but in a general way, applying what he says to the world in general. He plainly gives us to understand that he is afraid of death; he wants to be rid of all life's care and worry, but not by suicide; and again he fears to die—

"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life."

That is to say, the fear of what may come after death is what makes men wish to live as long as possible. This soliloquy is only one of the shadows cast over Hamlet's life; and he gives expression to his pessimistic feelings in these gloomy thoughts. Would a madman consider the question of suicide, and the consequences to follow after death? It is not very likely.

To those who declare the insanity of Hamlet I put the question: "Where does he rave and tear like a madman?" He does not mutter to himself, stare vacantly into space, and say what may happen to spring first to his lips. Not so; his speeches are warily and keenly spoken, and he is especially on his guard against giving his scheme away. Hamlet acts the madman to perfection, doing away with the wild ravings of a lunatic, except in one or two instances; as, in an encounter with Polonius with whom he jests, and of whom he makes sport.

Hamlet's most important step towards the unmasking of his uncle is the play, one scene of which he adapts himself, so as to reproduce before Claudius' eyes the murder of Hamlet in the orchard. On this scene rest all his hopes; but he is quite certain that he will be able to "catch the conscience of the king," and says to Horatio: "give him heedful note."

When the court is gathered together to witness the play, Hamlet lays himself at the feet of Ophelia in such a position that he is able to watch the king closely; he begins talking and joking so as to appear only ordinarily interested in the play; in the meanwhile the play has begun; the dumb-show enters, and the silent murder of the king takes place. Claudius gives no sign. The play king and queen now enter and a dialogue passes between them, after which the king falls asleep, and the queen leaves him; Lucianus, nephew of the play king, appears, sees the king asleep, mutters to himself, and pours poison into the sleeper's ears.

At this Claudius can control himself no longer:

OPHELIA: The king rises.

HAMLET: What? frightened with false fire?

QUEEN: How fares my lord?

POLONIUS: Give o'er the play,

KING: Give me some light; away!

Then all leave except Hamlet and Horatio; Hamlet is overjoyed at his discovery, and says to his friend:

"O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?"

But how about Claudius? His conscience tortured him, and he now plainly saw Hamlet's scheme for revealing his crime; he cannot live peacefully while Hamlet is in Denmark, so he resolves to send him to England. This he does, giving letters to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who accompany him. But Hamlet's keen perception scents danger, and he obtains the letters, changes their contents, which relate to him, and secretly returns them where he found them. He then returns to Denmark, leaving Claudius' messengers to their fate. He here meets Horatio,

and they wander into a graveyard, in which a grave-digger is digging a new grave. They quiz him for a time, and then a procession enters,—Laertes, the king, queen and mourners, bearing the corpse of Ophelia. Hamlet and Horatio remain in the background until Laertes leaps into the grave, saying:

"Now pile your dust upon the quick and the dead," when Hamlet starts forward, crying out:

"This is I, Hamlet the Dane!"

and he also jumps into the grave. Laertes exclaims, "The devil take thy soul!" and grapples with him; the attendants part them, and warm words ensue until Hamlet goes out, followed by Horatio. Soon after this occurrence, Hamlet is challenged to fight a duel with Laertes, and accepts, the king laying a wager in favor of his nephew. The duel begins, and Hamlet makes "a hit, a very palpable hit," and the king calls out:

"Stay, give me drink—
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup."

But Hamlet, still suspicious of the king's evil designs upon him, replies:

"I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile."

And they continue to fight. Again he is asked to drink, this time by the Queen; but Hamlet answers:

"I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by."

The queen, herself unconscious of the poison in the cup, drinks, while the duel still continues,—Hamlet has disarmed Laertes, has dropped his own sword, and picked up the *poisoned* one instead; for the lance used by Laertes had been poisoned, so that even a scratch by the point of it would insure Hamlet's death, if he had been wounded by Laertes before the exchange. Now Hamlet wounds his treacherous adversary, and at the same time the Queen falls, and cries out:

"The drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd!"

and dies. Hamlet now is certain that the poison was intended for him, and says:

"Ho! let the door be lock'd!
Treachery! seek it out!"

Laertes then tells him of the "foul practice" on his life, and adds, "the king's to blame." Hamlet, exasperated beyond measure, cries out:

"The point
Envenom'd too! then, venom, to thy work!"

and stabs the king who dies and Laertes also; soon after Hamlet expires, and thus ends this terrible scene of death.

Hamlet has gained his object, and lost his life in the attempt. What incomparable skill and tact Hamlet shows in ferreting out the

murderer of his father; there is, indeed, "method in his madness," and the king soon finds it out.

Hamlet was not mad, though, indeed, he went through enough to make him so. His feigning is indeed admirable; he uses all his energies to discover the king. Such consummate acting can only be the result of the exercise and continuous use of all the faculties of the brain, and Hamlet certainly had enough to engage all his attention for some time; there was no rest for him until the murder of his royal father had been publicly established as an undeniable fact, and he had shown overwhelming proofs of the king's guilt; but when his rest does come it is the "sleep of death."

—————
Hermenigild; or, The Two Crowns.

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT IV.

SCENE II.

(GOSWIN, ÆGISMUND, SISBERT.)

ÆGISMUND (*Holding up the warrant*). Conquered at last!

SISBERT. Now I shall have my revenge.

GOSWIN (*Excited*). Haste! haste! my lords! the prince must die to-day. Off with his head! Haste, Duke Ægismund, lest Leovig repent and recall the warrant. Why do you tarry here?

ÆGISMUND. Why do you urge me so, Count Goswin? I like the warrant well enough, but not to be the executioner.

GOSWIN. Confound your weakness! The order of the king must be obeyed.

ÆGISMUND. O yes! But all the hatefulness of this atrocious deed will fall upon *my* head. The people love the prince.

GOSWIN. You fear to lose the people's favor! (*Aside*.) Ah, there's the rub! Count Sisbert!

SISBERT. Give me the warrant. I court no favor, nor do I fear the king's repentance. I'll see it done. (*Goes to the door*.) Fredegisel, come in.

FREDEGISEL. My lords, your humble servant.

GOSWIN. You are the man who helped us in Seville?

FREDEGISEL. The same, my lord. I did some service there.

GOSWIN (*Aside*). What a knave's face he has! (*Aloud*.) We have some similar work on hand. There's blood in it; but safe, entirely safe.

FREDEGISEL. What may it be, my lord?

GOSWIN. The king has signed the death-warrant of Hermenigild the prince. Here. (*Shows the paper*.)

FREDEGISEL. Prince Hermenigild!

GOSWIN. Why dost thou start, sirrah? Thou art the man to do the job. Fear not. That warrant makes thee safe. Besides (*holds up the purse*), a thousand ducats is the reward!

FREDEGISEL. A thousand ducats! I do not like the deed. To kill a prince looks ugly, very ugly. But—give me the money. I'll do it.

GOSWIN. Here.

SISBERT. Stop, Chancellor! Be not so trusting. I know the man too well.

FREDEGISEL. What now? I want to earn the money.

SISBERT. And thou shalt have it too; but after thou hast performed the deed. Hand it to *me*, Count Goswin!

GOSWIN. Here! Take it, sir! (*Hands purse to Sisbert*.)

SISBERT (*To FREDEGISEL*). Now come, take a horse and off for Itala, I go with thee to see it done.

FREDEGISEL. I will—

SISBERT. Nay, speak no more! The money shall be thine. Come on! (*Takes him by the arm*.) Duke Ægismund, bring me the warrant when I am in the saddle.

ÆGISMUND. I will! Go on. (*Goes*.)

FREDEGISEL. Gentlemen, the money—

SISBERT (*Angrily*). Confound this prating fool! Off with thee, or this dagger shall make thee lively. (*Exeunt all except GOSWIN*.)

GOSWIN. Success, success! My stars are shining brightly. Before the midnight hour strikes, the head of Hermenigild will be off, and then the road to royalty is open to Goswin's house. I need but stretch this arm to grasp the crown (*Rubbing his hands*). Duke Ægismund? Bah! He will go to it in time. (*Takes out a bottle of poison*.) This poison acts with deadly promptness. Hush! Who comes? (*Enter RODERIC*.)

RODERIC. Father, can I see the king?

GOSWIN. Not now, my son; he left strict orders to that effect. But sit thee down—So! I have some leisure and feel inclined to tell thee pleasant news.

RODERIC. Your looks are pleasant, father—a thing not often seen in you.

GOSWIN. Reasons, my son, reasons most excellent for smiling. Forsooth! Should I not smile when fortune smiles on me? Yea, also on thee?

RODERIC. On me?

GOSWIN. On thee! Dost thou remember, Roderic, when I did prophesy—

RODERIC. Prophesy?

GOSWIN. O do not look incredulous, for once beholding a Saul among the prophets. Ha! ha! ha!

RODERIC. You speak in riddles.

GOSWIN. Hast thou forgotten, when I did prophesy that one of our house would wear some day the crown of this fair land of Spain? The time is near.

RODERIC (*Rising*). What?

GOSWIN (*Drawing close*). Listen, my son. The stumbling-block in our road is gone. To-night before the silvery moon shall have risen in the western sky the head of Hermenigild shall have fallen.

RODERIC (*Excitedly*). What! Hermenigild? the

noble Hemenigild? Merciful heavens! (Enter *ÆGISMUND back of stage.*)

GOSWIN. Success has crowned my efforts; the hated prince is doomed. Why dost thou stand and stare? Wish me success. (Lays his hand on his shoulder.)

RODERIC. Away, away! Take off your hand; there's blood on it,—innocent blood!

GOSWIN. What, art thou mad? Away! Sayest thou away?

RODERIC. Yes, a thousand times—away!

GOSWIN. What? This to me who planned and plotted, stepped into blood to get the crown for thee?

RODERIC. For me? Curse on your diabolical ambition! To shed the blood of our generous prince so noble, so heroic. Ha! I see it clearly now. 'Twas *your* ambition that set the poor old king against his son; 'tis *your* ambition that devised this murder. I spurn the crown you offer me. And were it the crown of all the world, I would spurn it. Henceforth there is a gulf between you and myself. Away! The king shall know this.

GOSWIN. What? Shall all the plans of my laborious life be thwarted by a boy of my own flesh and blood? Have I for this stepped into blood so deep, and stained my soul with crimes of blackest dye, to be betrayed by thee? Roderic, listen! (Lays his hand on his shoulder.)

RODERIC. Touch me no more! the king—

GOSWIN. What? Wilt thou betray me to the king? Ha! foolish boy! Dost thou expect he will believe thee? Tut! My plans are laid too well. The statesman Goswin cannot be thwarted by a boy. But go, tell him how *Ægismund* has forged that letter from Constantinople. Yes, send this presuming blockhead of a duke up to the deadly block, where he shall go, methinks, sooner or later. (*ÆGISMUND* comes down stage furiously).

ÆGISMUND (*Draws his sword*). Ha! thou lying Visigoth! Thou slanderous, villainous, accursed traitor!

GOSWIN! What! Does the devil mock me?

ÆGISMUND. False to thy king, false to thy country, false to thy friends! I charge thee now! The point of this my sword shall not return to its scabbard till it has drunk thy blood.

RODERIC (*Draws*). Hands off my father, sir, charge here! I challenge thee, thou false conspirator!

ÆGISMUND. What! challenged by a boy? Well, have at thee! (*They fight.*)

GOSWIN. Help! help! Murder! murder!

(*LEOVIG* appears in the door. Enter *RECARED*, *BOSO*, *AMBASSADOR* from the side. *RODERIC* falls; *ÆGISMUND* is wounded in the arm, drops his sword and leans against the wall.)

GOSWIN. My son, my son! (*Drops fainting.*)

LEOVIG. Come to the rescue, lords!

RECARED (*By RODERIC's side*). Roderic, dear friend, speak.

RODERIC (*dying*). Prince, treason, foul treason is at work. Save Hemenigild—*Ægismund*—

there—O death is swift! Forgive—my—father—for my—sake—farewell! (*dies.*)

RECARED. There breaks a noble heart. Goswin, Duke *Ægismund*!

LEOVIG. Goswin, speak! What is the cause of this sad tragedy?

GOSWIN (*To ÆGISMUND*). Ha! curse upon the murderer of my only son! Thou bloody duke! brutal destroyer of all my hopes! I hurl my curses on thy guilty head! Ah, Leovig, thou wast deceived! The letter from Constantinople was forged. There stands the forger. (*Points to ÆGISMUND.*) Look at it closely. (*Pushes the letter over. ÆGISMUND draws his dagger.*)

BOSO (*Takes it from him*). Stop, sir! Don't sneak so cowardly out of this world, but face your accusation like a man.

GOSWIN. Guilty, guilty, guilty! (*Pointing to ÆGISMUND.*)

LEOVIG. Call in the guards to watch him. He shall give answer before the court of justice. (*Exit RECARED and re-enters with guards.*)

RECARED. Come, soldiers, take your man, the Duke *Ægismund*. (*Guards seize ÆGISMUND.*)

LEOVIG. The letter! Ambassador, look at the letter.

AMBASSADOR. Your Majesty, the seal is counterfeit. Moreover, such parchment is not used at Constantinople. Deign to compare our sealed credentials (*Hands them*).

LEOVIG. 'Tis plain. A forgery! High treason!

ÆGISMUND. King, I plead guilty. I know that I am doomed through my own treachery. I have deserved my fate. But spare not *him*. (*Points to Goswin.*) Goswin, that slippery, lying serpent! *He* set me on; *he* originated this conspiracy to secure the death of Hemenigild, for he wanted the crown for his own son. I spoilt his plan (*Points to RODERIC.*) There! hold him! hold him! (*Goswin is seen taking poison.*)

BOSO. He is taking poison.

LEOVIG. In heaven's name, Goswin, explain! I stand amazed and horror-stricken.

GOSWIN. Yes, I have taken poison of deadly power. But a few moments of life are left me. Ha! Do you think I would outlive the fall of our house, the wreck of all my plans, my hopes, my labors? My only son is dead, the last of our house. Now all is blasted. Let no one trust the smiles of fickle fortune. When I was in the climax of success it left me suddenly. Yes, I conspired for the crown. I thought it worth the trouble—for him (*Points to RODERIC*), for our house. With perjury, lies, treason, blood, I loaded my conscience—for what? Ha! for a mere bubble that burst and left me nothing—nothing! I die without hope. The curse of Cain—is on—my soul—the curse—(*Dies.*)

BOSO. O Eternal Justice that overrules the thoughts and deeds of mortal men! We tremble at this judgment.

RECARED. Father, O father! behold the heavens themselves have judged the enemies of Hemenigild. O now give orders for his release.

LEOVIG. I shall, indeed, my son! Duke *Ægis-*

mund, where is the warrant which I entrusted to your care?

ÆGISMUND. It's gone! Count Sisbert has left with it for Itala.

LEOVIG (*Terror-stricken*). What? So soon! O merciful heavens! Hermenigild, my son Hermenigild!

RECARED (*Hastily*). The warrant, father! What warrant?

Leovig, O Recared! Sisbert has the warrant for Hermenigild's death!

RECARED (*Starts*). The death warrant! O heavens! Boso, to horse! to horse! Come with me! We will ride for life and death!

LEOVIG. Stop! Take my signet ring. O save his life! Haste! haste! (*Exeunt RECARED and Boso*.) O ye gracious heavens, have mercy! Give to their horses wings. O do not punish my proud and stubborn will! Behold my pride bending (*kneels*) low in the dust. O my son, Hermenigild!

(*Curtain.*)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

La Chapelle Montligeon (Orne) France.

A slated octagonal steeple, resting upon a square base and surmounted by an iron cross, crowns this sacred unpretending edifice, the architecture of which seems to belong to the fifteenth century. A triangular façade, with two doors and a pointed arched window, supports the wings of the tiled roof. The nave of the side chapel is reached by entering the smallest door, where the altar of the *Œuvre Expiatoire* at once attracts our attention. This altar, composed of white stone inlaid with black marble, is richly gilded; statues of Faith, Hope and Charity occupy the three centre niches of the lower part of the Holy Table, with two angels placed in the outside ones and black marble columns at each end. The tabernacle, of a circular form, has two small pillars of marble on either side of its door, and three slabs of the same material beneath it, whilst above the door is a pedestal for the large crucifix. The tabernacle is surmounted by a kind of mausoleum with a small cross on the top. Square blocks of black marble are let into the stone pedestals on either side of the altar, to which are affixed the candelabra in general use for the daily Masses.

Three stone steps (in the top one of which is inlaid a narrow slab of black marble) lead, as it were, to the recess above the tabernacle where the statue is placed and shows to great advantage. It represents Our Blessed Lady breaking the chain that detains a soul in the place of suffering, and holding on her left arm the

Holy Child Jesus, while the freed captive is shown with the broken links still hanging on her wrists, springing from the fires of Purgatory to receive the crown He offers her.

Four windows light this nave, three on the southern side and one at its end opposite the altar. In this window there still remain some portions of painted glass of the sixteenth century, which, although damaged by the ravages of time and revolutions, are remarkable enough to make us deeply regret the pieces lost. We can still distinguish in the left mullion Our Lady of Pity holding on her knee the dead body of Christ, and in the centre one a cleric in white surplice and violet cassock, kneeling with hands clasped, with a scroll over his head, on which is written "Mater, memento mei."

The windows on the south side are modern, and represent the Blessed Virgin; first, as the "Star of the Sea," protecting the voyagers over the sea of life; secondly, as the "Consoler of the dying"; thirdly, as the "Advocate of the soul before God," Who is pictured as seated on the clouds in judgment. *Ex votos* and mortuary tablets are fixed upon the walls, and numerous wax tapers are lighted every day; whilst several lamps are kept constantly burning in the sanctuary.

We now pass into the large nave, where we find the high altar and choir. This altar and screen, in carved oak, are remarkable for the beauty of the sculpture and although little in keeping with the style of the church really have a striking effect. A painting of St. Peter is over the altar and statues of St. Julian and St. Roch are on either side, whilst one of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is seen in a niche above.

The north window nearest to the altar has panes of stained glass in its upper mullions, but the other two on this side are quite plain. These two naves separated by sharp pointed arcades, are alike in length and form; it is said they were two churches placed side by side. The parish records explain this singular juxtaposition by telling us that the larger one was the parish church under the name of St. Peter, the other being used for the reunions of the confraternity of St. Barbara, and its altar bore her name. There are several statues in both naves—notably of "Our Lady of Lourdes," the "Immaculate Conception," "St. Joseph," "St. Michael," "St. Anne," and "St. Barbara" (mostly gifts from pious persons), and the flowers in porcelain vases placed beside them are humble tokens of devotion from all classes who come to worship in this favored spot.

M. S. L.

Thanksgiving.

We give Thee thanks, oh, Lord of all,
For blessings Thou hast given;
The bounty of Thy gifts recall
Our hearts from earth to heaven!

To-day we turn in love to Thee,
To thank Thee for our life,
For having kept our country free,
When pestilence was rife.

We thank Thee for Thy mercy, too,
The Union's preservation,
The fruits of earth, the heaven of blue,
For graces to the nation.

We give Thee thanks for all Thy gifts,
For food, for friends, for love,
For pardon to our souls that lifts
Our hearts to Thee above.

—J. E. B., '91, *Industrial Union.*

Books and Periodicals.

HARRY DEE; OR, MAKING IT OUT. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. New York: Benziger Bros.

Father Finn's stories for boys have long since passed beyond the need of editorial commendation. He was a boy himself once, this Jesuit Father, and he knows just the sort of thing a whole-hearted live boy wants to read. His books have the true manly ring about them. They are not "goody-goody" books with curly-haired cherubs or girls in blue and white doing service for every-day people. They have none of the silly gush which every flesh-and-blood boy abominates. Father Finn's boys play ball, wrestle with the umpire about "strikes" and "balls" and "fouls" and they "slide" after the best manner of our Carrollites. There are a few good fights in the book, but the right boy always wins—which is only just saying that his name is Percy Wynn. Percy is just as interesting here as he was in the other book which Father Finn made about him. One of the boys once took occasion to say: "One good Catholic story will do more than a dozen volumes of snarling against books that boys ought not to read." This book is a "good Catholic story."

THE COLUMBIAN JUBILEE, OR FOUR CENTURIES OF CATHOLICITY IN AMERICA. In two large volumes. Chicago: J. S. Hyland & Co.

The Columbian literature of the day has been enriched by the addition of these two large, magnificent volumes. They possess a feature peculiarly their own, and one that adds greatly to their historical value and importance. It is this: the spirit and influence of Catholicity

is traced clearly and strikingly from the very incipiency and successful issue of the great undertaking of Christopher Columbus, down through successive periods in the history of the New World setting forth the great work accomplished upon our continent by the noble heroes and devoted children of the Church. Mexico, the Spanish Missions, the Indian Missions, the life-work of noble French and Spanish martyrs, the penetrating influence of the light of the Gospel through the various parts of North and South America, the steady growth and spread of religion in our own century—all are portrayed in these volumes with a vividness and historical exactitude that make the work not only timely but also of more than ordinary value, in that it fully justifies its title, and presents a history of the Church in America from the time of its discovery, four hundred years ago. Too much cannot be said in praise of the work of the publishers. They have issued the volumes in attractive style, enriched with a profusion of appropriate and costly illustrations. As a holiday gift we know of none more acceptable.

HAND-BOOK OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES. By William S. Walsh. Philadelphia: Lippincott Co.

The author states in his preface to this work that his aim is primarily to entertain, but adds that if he succeed in instructing as well, there is no harm done. Whatever doubt he may have felt about his success both at entertaining and instructing, it is safe to assert that his readers will have none. The "Paradoxes of a Philistine," we believe, first introduced Mr. Walsh extensively to the reading world, and his latest book cannot fail to win him many new admirers. It is truly a collection of literary curiosities, some of them light and frivolous, but most of them highly useful to the English-speaking student. Many a current phrase that passes for idiomatic English is traced to its origin, and its "slangy" character exposed. And, speaking of slang, we wonder what the purists will say to this which looks very much like a blast of defiance to those sturdy old knights of the quill who incontinently challenge every phrase not used by the masters. Among the things that "we are gradually coming to learn," is the truth, as the author puts it, "that the vagaries of slang are dignified by the fact that slang may become the scholarly language of the future, just as the slang of the past is the richest and most idiomatic portion of the current speech of to-day." Of course this is not really a commendation of slang; and, although it will not meet favor in all eyes, it cannot be denied that there is much more than a grain of truth in it. The book is stoutly and withal handsomely bound and is well worth perusal.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Special Contributors.

—Fifty years ago to-morrow, Nov. 27, Very Rev. Father General Sorin, with six religious of Holy Cross, arrived on the site of our present grand University of Notre Dame. A little log hut on the shore of St. Mary's lake was then and there made the first establishment of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in America, and a few months later the foundations were laid for the first college building. To-morrow, therefore, is a golden anniversary in the history of Notre Dame, and well deserving of all the attention the religious and students can bestow upon it. As announced last week, the day will be duly observed here; but the public celebration, or the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame, will be co-incident with the annual Commencement.

We are pleased to state that the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, has kindly accepted the invitation of Very Rev. Provincial Corby, and will officiate at Solemn Pontifical Mass to-morrow in the college church. The distinguished prelate is of the Class of '58 and, in his great love for *Alma Mater*, was greatly pleased to accept the invitation extended him. The sermon will be delivered by the Rev. T. O'Sullivan, of Cummings, Ill., of the same class, and always a devoted friend of Notre Dame. Addresses to the venerable Founder and festal rejoicings will round out the day. A full report will be given next week.

In the meantime, we, of the SCHOLASTIC, take the opportunity to extend to our venerable Father Founder our heartfelt congratulations on the occurrence of this golden event in the history of his grand life-work; and to unite our own to the good wishes and prayers of his spiritual children that Heaven may long continue to bless him with health and length of

days to witness many another brilliant setting in the crown of his own Notre Dame.

—One of the most important current questions which agitate the public mind is the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. Certainly every liberal-minded person must be in favor of opening it to the poor workingman, whose only byword is drudgery from Monday morning until Saturday night. And he who seeks to deprive him of a view of works of art, etc., and acquiring whatever knowledge he may, and would wring from him this great opportunity of broadening his views, is more of a bigot than a philanthropist.

From a moral standpoint it would be a step taken towards the peace and observance of the Sabbath. Think of the thousands and thousands of strangers who will be in Chicago. If the World's Fair grounds are not open on Sunday, where are they going to spend their time? The churches may be crowded as will also the saloons and places of amusement. The directors state that if Sunday opening is permitted all machinery shall be shut down; all unnecessary work discontinued, and all sales prohibited. Under these circumstances there can be no evil; but, on the contrary, a great good will be inaugurated. As this question is of such vital importance to the tranquillity of the Sabbath, it is to be earnestly hoped that Congress at its next session will repeal the law prohibiting Sunday opening.

Biela's Comet.

It will not be out of place to say something about the old and familiar wanderer of the celestial sphere which many observers of the heavens tell us is due in the southwest to-morrow, November, 27. Astronomers probably know less about the physical characteristics of comets than even of the smallest asteroid. The spectrum has shown us the motion of the great luminous bodies that form the "Big Dipper." The moon has been brought so close that if there were a building upon it as large as the Capitol at Washington we could see it; Galileo mapped its surface, laying off the "seas," "lakes" and "marshes." Sirius has been calculated to have a likely mass forty-six times as great as the sun and forty-two times as luminous. In the sun itself we have found elements we call Helium and Corona similar to which we discover no elements in our universe. But these

bodies, of a very different physical constitution, that now and then make their appearance among the constellations, remain days, weeks and sometimes months, then vanish, afford the most abstruse problems in the whole range of astronomy.

They are bulky, some of them thousands of times larger than the sun; but through them one can see a low magnitude star without losing any of its light. Upon this fact once was raised the theory that a comet might be gathered together, *put in a valise* and a man could easily carry it. Quite to the contrary, Ignatius Donnelly says in his "Ragnarok": "it consists of a solid nucleus [the head] giving out fire and gas, enveloped in a great gaseous mass, and a tail made up of stones, possibly diminishing in size as they recede from the nucleus until the after part of it is composed of fine dust ground from the pebbles and bowlders." If this were true, a collision with such a body might prove disastrous to our globe; but everyone believes Mr. Donnelly either laughed in his sleeve or made such principles agreeable by the contrivance of fiction. The great comet of 1882 completely disappeared while passing between us and the sun. Then if this retinue is composed of "bowlders," why are they repelled by the sun?

There are now on the lists about 670 comets, and at least four hundred of these were discovered before the invention of the telescope; but since that time the number annually observed has shown a large increase. The very brilliant ones are few. As regards the motion of these bodies they are three: parabolic, hyperbolic and elliptical. Those that have an orbit, either parabolical or hyperbolical, visit the sun but once, then withdraw never to return. This is due to the property of these two curves that their branches never meet each other.

But the third, the ellipse, interests us most at present, since the path of Biela's comet, which is now coming towards us, is elliptical. Whether the earth will pass through the tail, or collide with it "head on," matters little. Even in the latter case nothing more than a shooting of meteors, or a flash and distribution of gases, would take place. It has been estimated that the intermingling of these gases with our atmosphere would poison it more or less, and introduce peculiar diseases, as was the "black death" of London accounted for in like manner. But such a thing is hardly possible. The density of the head of a comet is 2000 times less than that of the air at the earth's surface—much lower than that of the best air-pump vacuum.

Since we see so comparatively small a portion of a comet's path, it is a difficult problem to distinguish among the long ellipse, the parabola and the hyperbola. The parabola, taken as a mean, may be changed into either of the other two by retardation, or acceleration respectively. This comet of which we are speaking divided in two, in 1846, on account of its proximity to the earth, when we are said to have gone through its tail, though we were due at the same spot in space as long as one month after, thus throwing it considerably out of its course. Now from the analogy the comet paths bear to one another it was supposed that these "twins," torn apart sixteen thousand miles, were forever lost after the great mass of Jupiter would "jerk" them; and even it is recorded in astronomy that "*Biela's comet was probably lost this way.*"

However, here it comes up the prodigal, having distanced its companion due across our path on its hasty visit to Titan just eight hours—as some have counted, at the same time according to others—before we come in our daily swing towards perihelion on November 27. If it comes into our view it will be in the afternoon about five o'clock, and will appear just above the southwest horizon, of a deep red color; in size it will be larger than the moon.

It presents an interesting study to astronomers, and may by its nearness to us give an answer to their question: "What is it?"

H. L. M.

Observations.

We have all noticed what an epoch the competition week makes in the life of the student. Then especially do we find him engrossed with his studies. From morn until night he works, and even his midnight oil is sometimes exhausted before he turns to rest. The half-forgotten lessons of the past are reviewed in the hour of study, and recited during recreation to those who are in the same box. It is nothing but syllogisms and parallelisms, law and conscience, definitions, proofs and refutations and innumerable other "isms" and "ations." Jim wants to know how many bones there are in the human body, John says that two plus two equals four, "Chuck" is trying to "weigh the earth against a mountain," "Josh" talks about the immortality of the human soul, but Ray won't listen to anything but positive and natural law. Here is a crowd reciting in unison the rules of the syllogism, there they discuss plane trigonometry. They talk, talk, talk, and then go to competition,

talk a little more on the subject, and then quit for a month.

**

Nimrods! powder and shot—and little fishes! why don't the local editors keep their eyes open? It is about two and a half ($2\frac{1}{2}$) weeks since the affair to which I allude took place, and I may say that even now very few know what it really is. This is the way it happened. One fine Thursday morning a couple of Sorin Hall huntsmen shouldered their shot-guns, and set out in the direction of the Farm. In due time they arrived at their destination; but their mission was still to be accomplished, and accordingly they wended their way to the neighboring wood—with Judy, do you ask? "Aye, there's the rub," for on that point I am totally ignorant. Suffice it to say that one of the pair is a Biological Senior. If anyone knows the whereabouts of Judy, he certainly does. But that matters little. To go on with the narrative, the sun had crossed the meridian, and was getting lost in the gloom of the western sky before they returned to dine. If, perchance, they ate any fresh meat, it must have been beef, pork or chicken; but remember, you must not make any rash judgments. Then they talked of politics with their amiable host, and I am told that this last part of the programme formed the most interesting item in their report. Of course, I don't mean to insinuate anything. I would not for the world have you entertain a wrong idea about their love of Nimrod's art. At any rate, they got back to Sorin Hall all right, and in the morning went to breakfast in their regular tame-game way. There wasn't much said about the trip; it was only hinted that, since it happened to be Friday, the best plan would be to put their partridges and prairie chickens on ice. The advice was taken in good part; but, strange to say, none of their friends have been materially benefited by the suggestion; and as a probable key to the situation, the following rumor is hereby placed before you for consideration: they shot at a rabbit, and got but a "feather" he dropped in his fright. It is only a rumor, so take it for what it is worth.

**

It isn't my nature to sit down hard—if I may use a forcible expression approaching very nearly to slang—on everybody who does anything out of the way; nevertheless, it is in my line, and I wish for once to express, in the strongest terms, my utter detestation of seeing intelligent young men reading newspapers while the lecturer is doing his utmost to interest and

please them. As you may understand, these remarks have reference to a certain few. I have not been impelled by personal motives to denounce these persons; in fact, I did not see them myself; but several others who had witnessed the affair called my attention to the matter, and earnestly begged me to "give it to 'em heavy." Now, surely, if reports be true, such a show of bad manners is by no means creditable to the audience and to the student body in general. First of all, consider the speaker. Who could be more entertaining and at the same time instructive? Look at the subject—could these newspaper fiends ask for one more in harmony with their tastes? And the treatment; no need to refute imaginary objections. Just think of it! Big boys sitting there without regard for anybody except themselves, and holding up as an inspiration to the speaker the weekly of some one-horse village showing thereby the profundity of their erudition, their lofty ambition, and, most important of all, the refinement of their manners! These are the sentiments that many observing friends bade me put into words; and if the accusation is true, I indorse them. Let the guilty beware of betraying themselves in any futile efforts at vindication.

Exchanges.

The *Georgetown College Journal* takes occasion this month to pay us a "left-handed compliment," and the misery of it is that the *Journal's* complaint is not wholly without provocation. We ourselves know that the SCHOLASTIC's cover is no "thing of beauty"; but it is very indifferent Rhetoric to liken it unto a "patent-medicine advertisement," since this latter is generally attractive enough. Nor do we see why, if the "ex"-man has been living soberly, our dreary old electrotypes should so play upon his nerves. In fact, the *Journal's* just observation, couched, however, in no very courteous terms, comes with rather an ill grace from a publication which is itself a study of the "nude in art"; for our Georgetown exchange is indeed very good art, but wholly without covering.

**

The *Indiana Student* is a very creditable specimen of college journalism. Within its tasty covers is offered a rare budget of literary articles on subjects of general interest. There is a sprightliness and tone about the columns of the *Student* that one misses in many of the more pretentious college papers.

The veteran *Niagara Index*, as fresh as the "youngest uv 'em," appears in holiday garb in honor of Columbus. Its covers, resplendent in gold and colored inks, do but prepare us for the rich store of good things within. The Columbian number of the *Index* is a triumph.

**

The *Campus* quotes with disapproval our remark about "college dailies." Were we of a spiteful turn, we could wish our e. c. no greater evil than that he be obliged to read, in reward for his loyalty to them, some of these same glorious "college dailies."

**

We had fondly hoped that the day of bigotry and religious intolerance in literature had passed forever with witch-craft and wooden shoes. Lately, however, we have learned, to our intense disgust, that there is still one place which the devil of ignorance and historical insanity has not yet evacuated, and that place —of all others—an American college. Monmouth College is somewhere in Illinois, it is stated, and from it issues that unique periodical, the *Annex*. Now, the *Annex* might live and labor for a century of centuries without attracting attention on the score of merit; so it wisely joins that despicable school of "kickers" who seek to exalt themselves by virulence into visibility. We have no means of knowing Monmouth College except through the *Annex*, and by the *Annex* we are led to believe that both literature and history are forbidden subjects in that home of learning. Owing to his "advanced" ideas of historical men and epochs, the brilliant ex-man of the *Annex* proceeds to demolish one of our recent articles on Columbus. Another sage youth of the same school of history has traced every modern evil to the Jesuits. Now, seriously, what these young men need is not argument, but intellect, and the gift is beyond our power, since we like to have a little of it on hand with which to conduct our exchange column.

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Personals.

—Louis J. Herman (Law), '92, is meeting with well-merited success in the practice of Law at Evansville, Ind.

—Mr. Sylvester Hummer (Lit. and Law), '91, spent Thanksgiving among his friends at Notre Dame. He is with Judge Prendergast in Chicago, and is doing well.

—A most welcome visitor to the University

during the week was Mr. T. A. Quinlan, of Chicago, who was on a visit to his son Thomas, of Brownson Hall.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby, Rev. President Walsh, and all the pastors of the churches in South Bend, attended the funeral of the Rev. J. Cappon, at Niles on Wednesday.

—Ray C. Pollock, a former student of Notre Dame, is now the Assistant-Superintendent City Delivery Chicago Post-Office. He is doing well, and retains a warm affection for *Alma Mater*.

—Rev. Timothy O'Sullivan, of Cummings, Ill., came to see us again last Wednesday. His visit was not one of pleasure this time, however, as he came to attend the funeral of Father Cappon at Niles. Father Tim promised to visit Notre Dame again next Sunday.

—Miss Mabel Barry, daughter of the Hon. P. T. Barry, of Chicago, visited St. Mary's and Notre Dame early in the week. Miss Barry, who has taken high rank among the younger musicians of Chicago, was accompanied by Miss Sinsheim, of Pennsylvania.

—Samuel C. Perley (Com'l), '88, Director of the Coquillard Wagon Manufactory, South Bend, was united in marriage to Miss Lillian Cassady on Wednesday evening, at the home of the groom's sister, Mrs. Coquillard. Friends at Notre Dame extend to Mr. Perley and his amiable bride their congratulations and best wishes for many years of wedded bliss.

—Mr. Hugh O'Neill (Lit. and Law), '92, has, on the recommendation of the Hon. J. Gibbons, been called to a most desirable position in the office of Weigley, Buckley & Gray, one of the best known and most prosperous law firms in Chicago. No young man could reasonably wish to start under auspices more favorable, so far as salary and opportunity for advancement are concerned. Even the first week of his employment he had cases to try in court.

—The Augustinians have built a new college at Rome, and for means to erect their institution the Rev. Father Walsh, of that order, has been sent to America to solicit from the charitable of this country what they are inclined to give. Father Walsh was here on his second visit this week. His other visit was paid us last spring. He was a most welcome visitor on both occasions, and we are glad to learn that his efforts are being crowned with great success.

—All the old boys who were at the college during the last years of the eighties well remember Captain Joseph Cusack, of Co. "A," H. L. G. When he left his *Alma Mater*, he joined the ranks of Uncle Sam's Army as a private in the Fifth Cavalry of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. After serving only a short time he was raised to the rank of corporal, and on Nov. 6 he stood the examination and was promoted, with ten others, to fill the station of Second Lieutenant. Success to you Joe, as the years roll by!

Obituary.

The REV. JOHN CAPON died at his parochial residence in Niles, Michigan, on Sunday, the 20th inst. The deceased was born in Flanders in 1826, and after his ordination, in 1856, devoted his life to the American missions, and came to Detroit in 1858. After a short stay there he was appointed to the rectorship of the Church in Niles, which he served faithfully and well up to the time of his death. During the thirty-four years of his pastorate he was beloved by his people, and highly esteemed by his many friends at Notre Dame. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Football!
—Touch-down!
—Ah, there, Charley Ross!
—Did you enjoy the game?
—The sheriff has absconded.
—Did you ever get left, Joe?
—Spider is around once more.
—It was a great game entirely.
—Competitions! Competitions!!
—What's the matter with the heater?
—Competitions for November are now over.
—Oscar says he believes in Feeney(n)iasm!
—Burglars! ye are known! Bring back that cake, and no questions asked.

—On Monday last the Carroll special Rugby team defeated the Manual Labor boys. Score, 16 to 0.

—Why didn't some one fall on the solitary man with the tin horn and score the thanks of everybody.

—The *venire facias* for the November term of the Moot-Court is now in the hands of the Deputy Sheriff.

—The Law Class is in a flourishing condition. Eight desks were added during the past week, owing to the increased attendance.

—There is a great contest for public favor among the Juniors, between the football and the hand-ball; the former is gradually giving place to the latter.

—Some day last week amiable Ray surprised a select circle of friends in a manner which reflects great credit on his exceptionally good taste. Surprise us again, Ray, long and oft.

—On account of the inclemency of the weather the Harmony Club have given up their weekly concerts in the Brownson gym, and have lapsed into a state of unconscious desuetude.

—The walls and ceiling of the chapel in Sorin Hall are being repainted, and the old kneeling

benches that have done service for years are being replaced by others more artistic and comfortable.

—It is announced that Rev. Father Mohun will give one of his regular band concerts in the near future. Thus with the Boston Quintette, the St. Cecilians and, possibly, Mr. James O'Neill, we consider our bulletin boards well filled *pro tem*.

—Moot-Court will begin Saturday evening. The first case is J. B. Howard *vs.* South Bend Elevator RR. Co. Mr. Howard sues for \$5,000 damages on account of false imprisonment by the RR. Co. A. Heer is attorney for plaintiff and M. McFadden for defendant. Judge Hoynes will preside.

—The M. N. A. L. M. held its first regular meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 16. Five members attended, and the President opened the meeting by a select reading, followed by a lecture from the honored Vice-President. The meeting then closed, with great promise for many more such pleasant reunions.

—There seems to be general satisfaction manifested among the students over the recent election. The young men who went home to vote, and help swell the Democratic majority in their own counties have come back contented, "well-equipped for work and ready for another Cleve-land-slide," as one expressed it.

—The first meeting of the Temperance Society was held Sunday evening, Nov. 20, Rev. President Walsh presiding. The end of the society was briefly explained, after which the following officers were elected; Daniel P. Murphy, President; Daniel V. Casey, Vice-President; James Murray, Secretary; Nicholas S. Dinkle, Treasurer. The next meeting will be held Sunday, Dec. 4, and all the members are expected to be present.

—The Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held their meeting in St. Edward's Hall on Tuesday, November 22. Papers were read by H. Jones, G. Scherrer, D. McAllister, F. Holbrook, J. McGinley, and R. Berthelet. While all deserve praise for their efforts, the essays of Masters McGinley and Berthelet deserve special notice. The President, Prof. A. F. Zahm, entertained the members with an interesting lecture on the formation of the earth.

—Hon. T. E. Howard, for many years a highly esteemed professor in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, has been elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana. Professor Howard is the embodiment of conscientious adherence to duty, and this fact, in connection with his deep learning and mildness of character, makes him a most worthy member of the bench of a great State's highest court. He is a most edifying Catholic, uncompromising in all things that pertain to his faith and its practices. Our congratulations to Judge Howard and the people of Indiana.—*Catholic Columbian*.

—Our esteemed contemporary, *The Catholic*

Union and Times, of Buffalo, N. Y., pays the following graceful tribute to Notre Dame and her venerable Founder:

"Notre Dame, the great University of the West, has just celebrated with becoming *éclat*, the golden anniversary of its foundation. The glad event was made the fitting occasion of heartfelt congratulations to the venerable Father Sorin, who, in those far away days, laid the corner-stone of this famous abode of learning, in the wilds of Indiana; and was destined to become the spiritual father of an illustrious family, which, in the mellow evening of his days, rise up and call him blessed. Long live Notre Dame, and fadeless laurels for the brow of its saintly founder!"

It must be observed, however, that the Golden anniversary occurs to-morrow, and the Golden Jubilee proper in June next.

—The eighth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Wednesday, Nov. 23, with President Hoynes presiding. The question for the evening was: "Resolved, That eight hours should be made a legal day's work throughout the country." The disputants were Messrs. McFadden and Henley for the affirmative, and Messrs. Heer and Brown for the negative. Apropos of the merits the chairman decided that they were with the affirmative. Anent the much mooted question, the President delivered a lucid exposition which was closely followed by the young and aspiring legal luminaries. The question given out for debate two weeks hence is: "Resolved, That the Federal Government should take charge of and operate the railroad and telegraph lines of the country."

—Grand old Remenyi favored us with a delightful concert last Saturday evening with a company of artists worthy of his musical genius. Of the many beautiful selections which Mr. Remenyi rendered, a "Finale" from Mendelssohn was the subject of greatest appreciation, judging from the rounds of applause that followed it. But to our mind the "Ave Maria," played and sung *ensemble*, was the finest number on the programme. Miss Methot has a clear soprano voice, and she proved it as strong and sweet as it is clear. Mr. Marshbank's baritone was deep and soft, and showed best in the quartette. Nor do we believe the maestro's solos could have been better accompanied than they were by Mlle. Loge, whose accomplishments as a pianist were well displayed in her solo number. The concert was one of those rare musical treats which one can only dream about, and ever retain its delicious memory.

—The military companies this year are larger than ever. Captain Coady says his membership is about forty, and many of the officers of Co. A are appointed. Co. B, of course, on account of the increased number of Carrolls, is larger than it has ever been. The membership of this company is seventy, with a full corps of officers. Company C is again organized, and has a captain who cannot but make that company superior to what it has ever been—Mr. M. Quinlan. Co. C claims at present—and it is still growing—about twenty-five young soldiers.

The officers of Co. A are: P. Coady, Captain; F. Schillo, 1st Lieutenant; W. Lindeke, 2d Lieut.; Alfred Funke, T. Quinlan, G. Carter, and N. Luther, are the Sergeants in order. The Corporals are not appointed as yet. Company B's officers are: Fred. B. Chute, Captain; C. Scherrer, 1st Lieutenant; E. Scherrer, 2d Lieutenant; G. Gilbert, J. Tong, E. Dorsey, R. Slevin, D. Hilger, first, second, third, fourth, and fifth sergeants respectively. G. Funke, G. Johnson, G. Sweet, P. Stephens and J. Marre, first, second, third, fourth and fifth corporals respectively. The officers of Company C are not as yet appointed except Captain Quinlan. The Sorin Cadets, under their efficient commander, Capt. E. Scherrer, are making rapid progress.

—The seventh regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association was called to order by the Vice-President, Mr. H. Ferneding, on the evening of the 19th inst. Mr. J. Burke was admitted to membership. A short oration on "The English Drama," by Mr. H. O'Donnell, formed a very interesting number of the programme, and the chair, in remarking that it was the best effort ever made in the society, paid him a compliment of which he should feel proud. Following this was the debate: "Resolved, That the clergy should mingle in politics." Mr. C. Mitchell opened the discussion on the affirmative, and brought forth a few telling arguments which were soon counterbalanced by those of Mr. E. Ahlrichs, who, it may be said, made his first effort a very creditable one. Mr. P. Crawley also made a few interesting remarks on the subject, and received well-merited applause. The closing speech was made by Mr. E. Maurus. What he had to say was spoken clearly and distinctly, and his delivery was accompanied by a tone of conviction; nevertheless, the arguments brought forth during the debate by his opponents were more than a match for those of himself and his colleague, and the decision rendered by the Rev. Director was in favor of the negative. Mr. E. DuBrul entered the room during the discussion, and after the contest was over, took the floor, and advocated a happy combination of both sides of the question by which the clergy should take active interest in politics only when there arises a question of morality. Mr. H. Ferneding's views, though practically the same, were greatly enhanced by his strength of delivery.

Football.

The much talked-of football game between the 'Varsity eleven and the Hillsdale (Mich.) college eleven took place on the Brownson campus Thursday afternoon; and those who expected an interesting game were not disappointed.

Capt. Coady met the Hillsdale team at the depot and escorted them to the college grounds,

arriving here about 1.30 p. m. Dinner was in readiness in the refectory, and immediately after both teams donned their uniforms for what proved to be the hardest-fought battle for supremacy in football ever witnessed here. The Hillsdale boys were heavier than the 'Varsity eleven, but this did not discourage our boys, who were confident that what was lost in weight could be made up in activity.

Time was called at 2.30 o'clock, and both teams responded promptly. As they "lined up," the 1,200 spectators who braved the weather cheered them heartily.

The careful coaching that our boys received during the past month, under the guidance of Captain Coady, could be readily seen as the game progressed. With such a bulwark as Messrs. Roby, Schaack and Flannigan their lines were safe, while Messrs. Dinkle and Linehan could always be depended on for right and left end. Messrs. DuBrul and Schillo could not be equalled as right and left tackle, and Capt. Coady won fresh laurels by his magnificent play at quarter-back. Messrs. Keough and Brown proved themselves expert dodgers as well as runners and half-backs, and M. Quinlan saved defeat by his magnificent punting of the ball at the right time.

But the Hillsdale team should not be overlooked. They were perfect athletes and perfect gentlemen. They played to win, from first to last, and to win by fair means. Patterson's play at centre-rush was good, while Messrs. McDonald, Bolt and Rapp, with their impregnable wedge, saved them from defeat. They started with their famous rush in the beginning, and only twice did they deviate from it. In fact, the work of the team was faultless, and their only desire now is to play a return game, which we think should be accorded them.

For nearly two hours the teams struggled to gain each other's goal, but only twice did each succeed. Hillsdale heretofore did not meet with any resistance to their rush line, and Capt. Bolt said that for once the team met their match. Among those of the spectators who agreed with him was Joe Combe, Notre Dame's regular half-back, who sprained his ankle in a practice game on Tuesday. Joe spent his time in encouraging the boys, and was sure they would win if given time, but was disappointed when time was called at 4.30, the score standing 10 to 10. The following is the result by halves of the game:

FIRST HALF.

Notre Dame won the toss and started with a half V, but in doing so lost the ball. Hillsdale then commenced their rush and gained five yards, and in six more Green made a touch-down easily. Bolt kicked goal. Time, 10 minutes.

The ball was brought to the centre and Capt. Coady carried it to the twenty-five yard line. Brown tried to run around the line, but was fouled by Bricker, and Notre Dame was granted five yards more. The ball was fumbled, and

Hillsdale got it and another series of rushes began, but failed to show a gain in three downs and forfeited the ball. Coady passed it to Quinlan, who punted it. Bolt failed to heel the ball and was caught by Keough—gain for Notre Dame of twenty-five yards. Hillsdale then tried another series of rushes, but lost the ball on a foul, and Quinlan kicked it for a touch-back. The ball was brought to the twenty-five yard line and Hillsdale tried their favorite rush, but failed to show a gain in two downs. McDonald carried the ball to the left for ten yards, and was awarded five more on a foul tackle. Bolt gained ten yards on the right end, but lost the ball. Quinlan punted the ball, which was muffed by Bolt and caught by Dinkle, who made Notre Dame's first touch-down easily. Quinlan failed to kick a goal. Score: 4 to 6 in favor of Hillsdale. Time, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.

SECOND HALF.

The second half commenced at 3.25. Hillsdale started off with a V for a gain of eight yards. Four more rushes and a gain of 30 yards was placed to their credit. The ball was then at Notre Dame's line, and McDonald easily made a touch-down. Time, 6 minutes. Bolt failed to kick goal. Notre Dame started from the centre and made a gain of twenty yards by Coady and Du Brul. The ball was then passed to Quinlan, who punted it. Bolt once more muffed it, and twenty yards more were recorded for Notre Dame. Here was a chance for tying the score, and the spectators awaited the next play with much interest. It was now within ten yards of Hillsdale's goal. Keough gained five yards by a spurt to the left. It was now within five yards of the line, and Notre Dame rushed it through, Quinlan scoring a touch-down and also kicked goal. Then commenced a series of brilliant plays on both sides. Hillsdale started with a V and gained five yards. Three more rushes and eight more were added. Notre Dame then began to make inroads on its rush line, and Hillsdale's next four rushes showed a loss of eight yards and the loss of the ball also. Our boys were congratulating themselves on their good luck, only to lose the ball in an instant on a fumble. Another rush from Hillsdale showed a gain of three yards; but on an end rush Flannigan got the ball on a fumble and gained fourteen yards before being caught by Robinson. Notre Dame gained fifteen yards on a punt by Quinlan. Bolt got the ball, but was caught by Brown before he could make a gain.

Once more Hillsdale tried their rush and after trying four times to break through the line, showed a gain of five yards, and were given five more on a foul tackle. Flannigan got the ball on a fumble and Quinlan once more punted it, and Notre Dame had a gain of thirty yards to their credit. Rapp gained five yards on a run to right, while three more were added on a rush. They were accorded five more by the referee, Notre Dame's boys being off side,

and gained twenty-seven yards on nine rushes, but lost the ball on a foul by Patterson. The ball was lost by Notre Dame on a fumble. On five more rushes by Hillsdale the ball was within ten yards of Notre Dame's goal, when Brown recovered it on a fumble by Rapp. Quinlan punted it, and Notre Dame gained thirty yards and recovered the ball from Hillsdale on a fumble. Keough gained ten yards on a sprint around right, while Brown gained the same on the left, and Roby gained just ten yards when time was called, on account of Hillsdale having to take a team. Score: 6 to 4 in favor of Notre Dame. Time, 1 hour.

The following are the positions the men played:

NOTRE DAME.

	HILLSDALE.
Linnehan	Left End
Schillo	Left Tackle
Schaack	Left Guard
Roby	Centre Rush
Flannigan	Right Guard
Du Brul	Right Tackle
Dinkle	Right End
Coady, Capt.	Quarter Back
Keough	Left Half
Brown	Right Half
Quinlan	Full Back

Substitutes: Notre Dame—Murphy, Crawley, Kearns. Hillsdale—Wells and Curtis. *Touch-downs:* Green, 1; Dinkle, 1; McDonald, 1; Quinlan, 1. *Goal kick:* Quinlan, 1; Bolt, 1. *Referee:* Lyon, Harvard school, Chicago. *Umpire:* Hannin, '93, Notre Dame.

H.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacey, Dechant, DuBrul, Flannery, Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough, Langan, Maurus, Monarch, F. McKee, J. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliff, Neef, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Sinnot, Schopp, Thorn.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ansberry, Barrett, Barton, Beck, Baur, Brennan, Burns, Brady, Brinen, A. Corry, Curran, Colby, Cutler, Cooke, Cullen, Cumisky, R. Corcoran, Crilly, J. Corcoran, Delaney, Devanney, F. Davis, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dempsey, L. Davis Foley, A. W. Funke, R. Flynn, A. Flynn, Foster, Flannigan, Freitag, Farrell, E. Flynn, Groff, O. Griffin, J. Hoffmann, F. Hoffmann, Hermann, Hennessy, Hoepe, Hartnett, Healy, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Heer, Jacobs, Kelly, Kirker, Kennedy, M. Kenny, Kearns, Krembs, W. Kirby, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Karasynski, Linehan, Luther, Libert, Leonard, Lindeke, Murray, McFadden, D. Murphy, D. Monarch, Maynes, McCullough, McDermott, Moxley, T. Monarch, F. Murphy, E. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, A. Marckhoff, McCarthy, Magnus, O'Connor, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, F. O'Neill, Priest, Pulskamp, Prichard, Peak, Perkins, Pomroy, Patier, Perry, Quinlan, Rice, C. Roby, Rogers, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, Roper, Stanton, Schueler, Spalding, Smith, Stace, Schmidt, Tinin, Tratt, Vignos, Whitehead, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Allen, Barrett, R. E. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Breen, Brennan, Creedon, Covert, Cox, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, E. Coolidge, A. Coolidge, Cullen, Dorsey, Durand, Drucker, Ducey, Dannemiller, DeLormier, Freeman, Franke, Fischer, E.

Furthman, Fossick, Funke, Finnerty, Ford, G. Gilbert, E. Gilbert, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Hittson, Hurley, Hathaway, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Heizmann, Howell, Jones, Jonquet, Johnson, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kuehl, Kelliher, Kindler, Kinney, Klees, Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, T. Lowrey, Loser, Ludwig, Lane, Lippman, Levy, Maurer, Mitchell, Mernes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, Medalie, J. Miller, Mills, Moss, Miles, Moore, Monaghan, R. Miers, McDonald, McCarrick, McCarthy, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, Nolan, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill, Oliver, Priestly, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Reber, Sievers, Sweet, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelter, Strauss, Sharp, Strassheim, Schroth, Shillington, Todd, Tong, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Thornton, Tobin, Wolf, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, Washburne, N. Wietzel, B. Wietzel, D. Wright, Yeager, York, C. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ball, Bopp, Bump, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Burnham, Barrett, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Crandall, Corry, Curry, D. Campau, F. Campau, Cross, Corcoran, Croke, Christ, Cressey, Durand, Drew, Dugas, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, Eagle, Everest, Elliott, Engelhardt, Egan, Flynn, Freeman, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Getchel, Gavin, Girsch, Graff, Green, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, Roy Higgins, W. Higgins, Ralph Higgins, J. Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Johntry, Jones, Jonquet, Keeler, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Langley, Lowrey, Lohner, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghan, Maritzen, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, Emit McCarthy, McGinley, Morris, McDonald, McPhee, McAlister, Minnigerode, McCorry, McGushin, Ninneman, Otero, Oatman, O'Neill, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Pyle, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Roache, B. Roesing, F. Roesing, V. Romero, A. Romero, Shipp, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckart, Segenfelter, Shillington, Thompson, Trankle, Wilson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells.

Uncle Jack's Great Run.

Tell the story? You know it all.
 'Twas eighty-something, in the fall,
 Nothing to nothing was the score,
 Till at last we had only five minutes more.
 "Steady, boys!" was the Captain's cry,
 And we lined up, ready to do or die.
 "Fifteen—twelve!" the signal came,
 And 'twas mine to win or lose the game.

Teddy the "half back" passed the ball
 To me, and he almost let it fall;
 But I gripped it, and the line gaped wide
 As our rushers flung their men aside.

Then in the twinkling of an eye,
 I saw their "tackle" rushing by
 To block the gap.

I made a bend,
 And like a flash went round the end.
 Their "end rush" grabbed, but I wriggled free,
 And away I went—two after me—
 For their goal. A good half-mile it seemed.
 I heard faint cheering, as if I dreamed;
 I dodged their "back," and I crossed the line,
 I fell on the ball! The game was mine!

That's all. What? Yes, there was one thing more.
 You've all heard the story told before.
 You know that my chum's sister came
 To see the great Thanksgiving game.
 Her eyes and the ribbon she wore were blue,
 And I won the game—and aunt Nelly too.

—TUDOR JENKS in the *St. Nicholas*.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

Weekly Bulletin.

Graduating Class.—Misses Bassett, Haitz, Hudson, Lynch, Moynahan, K. Ryan, Thirds.

First Senior Class.—Misses Davis, Roberts, Charles, B. Winstandley, E. Burns, Riffel, R. Butler, Gallagher, G. Winstandley, Wilkinson, M. Burns, Kimmell, Dempsey, M. Smyth.

Second Senior Class.—Misses Healy, Morehead, Pumpelly, Ruppe, Gibbons, Carico, Dillon, Higgins, Holmes, McGarry, McLoughlin, M. Nichols, A. Ryan, Clifford, Duffy, Kennedy, Stuart, M. Wagner, Griggs, Hellmann, N. Keating, N. Moore, McCune, O'Mara, Guggenheim, Brady, A. Cooper, E. Seeley, M. Byrnes, Hutchinson, Sanford, Wurzburg, Call, Hamilton.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Coady, Coffin, O'Sullivan, Bogart, Cooney, Hunt, Meskill, B. Nichols, E. Wagner, Murphy, C. Barry, Griffith, Miner, Zeiger, E. Barry, M. Barry, G. Cowan, Jacobs, Kelly, A. Seeley, M. McCarthy, Lancaster, K. Nicholson, Allen, Hammond, Kieffer, Good, Welker, Franke, S. Smyth.

First Preparatory Class.—Misses A. Butler, Gardner, Schoolcraft, Hopkins, Agney, Sachs, Culkin, Doble, Dingee, Goldsoll, Kingsbaker, E. McCormack, McDermott, Terry, Wright, Richardson, B. Dale, Daley, Baxter, Crilly, E. McCarthy, C. Kasper.

Second Preparatory Class.—Misses Bartholomew, Russert, Morgan, B. Reed, M. Schultz, Werst, Ellett, L. Welter, Augustine, Foulks, Graffe, M. McDonald, Riese, Tong, L. McHugh, Culp, Marshall, Cahn, C. Hermann, Dent, Murray, Kelly, Lodewyck, Wehr, Grub, Cunningham, Hazlitt, Schaefer, Coddington, Dreyer, A. Cowan.

Third Preparatory Class.—Misses Cahill, T. Hermann, Mitchell, Bové, G. Reed, A. Girsch, Carter, Caldwell, Thompson, Reily, E. Keating, LaMoure, Kline, Sargent, E. Wolverton.

Junior Preparatory Class.—Misses Casanave, Riordan, E. Dowling, Tilden, Trask, M. Welter, Flynn, Beck, Whittaker, Egan, Seeger, M. McHugh, Ford, Wheeler, J. Richardson.

First Junior Class.—Misses Pendleton, N. Hammond, McDonald, McKenna, Campau.

Second Junior Class.—Misses M. Wolverton, A. McCarthy, Fisher, Feltenstein, M. Murray, Crocker, Binz, H. Girsch.

Third Junior Class.—Misses Dugas, L. Smith, E. Brown, Buckley, V. Smith.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

FRENCH.

Second Class.—Misses Davis, Bassett, Gibbons, Sanford, Morehead, Lynch.

Third Class.—Misses Call, Stuart, Thirds, A.

Tormey, S. Smyth, Charles, M. Nichols, Doble, A. Seeley, G. Cowan, M. Burns, M. Byrnes, Baxter, Daley, Dempsey, K. Ryan.

Second Division.—Misses E. Reed, Garrity, E. Wagner, E. McCormack, Hutchinson, E. McCarthy, Hammond.

Fourth Class.—Misses Butler, Riffel, A. Cooper, Kennedy, A. Ryan, Coffin, Nicholson, Zeiger, Crilly, Dingee, Goldsoll, Ellett, Foulks, Lodewyck, Thompson, Burnett, Cooney, Morgan.

Fifth Class.—Misses Egan, Bourgeois, Finnerty, Murray.

GERMAN.

Second Class.—Misses Zeiger, Russert, Franke, Haitz, Carico, Kasper, Kieffer, Marrinan, Dreyer.

Third Class.—Misses Ruppe, N. Keating, Guggenheim, Wehr, O'Sullivan, Hellmann, Jacobs, Kingsbaker.

Fourth Class.—Misses McLoughlin, Bartholomew, Holmes, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Klemm, Pfaelzer, Cowan, Girsch.

Fifth Class.—Misses Coady, Wilkinson, McDermott, Schultz, Gardner, Sachs, Moore, Kelly, C. Hermann, Flynn, Bogart, T. Hermann, McHugh, Morgan, Seeger, Cahn, Lillyblade, Cahill, Graffe, Casanave, Whittaker, Allen.

Second Div.—Misses Titsworth, Fisher, Feltenstein, Ryder, Binz, McKenna, M. Wolverton.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustine, Allen, Bassett, E. Barry, Bogart, A. Butler, Bartholomew, Brady, E. Burns, R. Butler, M. Byrnes, C. Barry, M. Barry, Barrett, Bové, Burnet, Call, Charles, Carico, Coffin, Crilly, Culkin, Coady, Cunningham, Caldwell, Cahill, Carter, Clifford, Cooney, M. Cooper, Chauvet, Davis, Dillon, Doble, Dingee, Duffy, Dempsey, L. Dale, B. Dale, Ellett, Foulks, Franke, Gallagher, Griggs, Good, Griffith, Gardner, Goldsoll, Gibbons, Guggenheim, Haitz, Hudson, Healy, Hellmann, Holmes, Hittson, Hazlitt, C. Hermann, T. Hermann, Higgins, Hamilton, Hutchinson, Hunt, Hopkins, Hoban, Jacobs, Kimmell, Klemm, E. Keating, Kennedy, Kelly, Kingsbaker, Lynch, Lancaster, Lodewyck, LaMoure, Lillyblade, Marrinan, Moynahan, McLoughlin, Miner, Morehead, B. Moore, McCarthy, McDonald, Marshall, McDermott, Mitchell, N. Moore, McCune, E. McCormack, McGarry, Murphy, A. McCarthy, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Mara, O'Sullivan, Patier, Pumpelly, Payne, Pfaelzer, K. Ryan, Ruppe, G. Reed, B. Reed, Russert, Roberts, A. Ryan, Riese, Richardson, Riffel, A. Seely, E. Seely, Schoolcraft, Sachs, Schultz, Schaefer, Sanford, M. Smyth, Thirds, Terry, Tong, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, M. Wagner, E. Wagner, Welker, Werst, Wurzburg, Whitmore, Wright, E. Wolverton, Wehr, Welter, Wilkinson, Zeiger.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Binz, Beck, Cowan, Campau, Casanave, Coddington, Crandall, Dreyer, Dent, E. Dowling, L. Dowling, Edsoll, Flynn, Feltenstein, Gräff, Grubb, Garst, Hammond, Kelly, Kasper, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Maguire, Morgan, Murray, McKenna, McPhillips, Pendleton, Reily, Riordan, Richardson, Ryder, Sargent, Seeger, Tilden, Tormey, Trask, Wheeler, Whittaker, Welter, Wellington.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Brown, I. Brown, Buckley, Bourgeois, Crocker, Dugas, Degnan, Egan, Finnerty, Fisher, Girsch, Murray, McCarthy, McDonald, McCormack, Myers, L. Smith, V. Smith, Titsworth, Wolverton.